

# Gazette Supplement, Dec. 22, 1885.

## A Bachelor's Christmas.

"I hate holidays," said Bachelor Bluff to me, with some little irritation, on a Christmas a few years ago. "I am a bachelor; I am in a place that did not know me at birth. And so, when holidays come around, there is no place anywhere for me. I have friends, of course; I don't think I have been a very sulky, shut-in, reticent fellow; and there is many a board that has a place for me—but not at Christmas time. At Christmas, the dinner is a family gathering; and I've no family. There is such a gathering of kindred on this occasion, such a reunion of family folk, that there is no place for a friend, even if the friend be liked."

"Don't tell me," he cried, stopping the word that was on my lips: "I tell you, I hate holidays. The shops look merry, do they, with their bright toys and their green branches! The pantomime is crowded with merry hearts, is it? The circus and the show are brimful of fun and laughter, are they? Well, they all make me miserable. I haven't any pretty-faced girls or bright-eyed boys to take to the circus or the show, and all the nice girls and fine boys of my acquaintance have their uncles or their grand-fathers or their cousins to take them to these places; so, if I go, I must go alone. But I don't go. The fact is I've nothing to do but to hate holidays. But will you dine with me?"

Of course, I had to plead engagement with my own family circle, and I couldn't quite leave Mr. Bluff home that day, when cousin Charles and his wife, and sister Susan and her daughter, and three of my wife's kin, had come in from the country, all to make a merry Christmas with us. I felt sorry, but it was quite impossible; so I wished Mr. Bluff a "merry Christmas," and hurried homeward through the cold and misting air.

I did not meet Bachelor Bluff again until a week after Christmas of the next year, when I learned some strange particulars of what occurred to him after our parting on the occasion just described. I will let Bachelor Bluff tell his adventures for himself:

"I went to church," said he, "and was as sad there as anywhere else. Nobody was alone but me, so I came away hating holidays worse than ever. Then I went to the play, and sat down in a box all alone by myself. Everybody seemed on the best of terms with everybody else, and jokes and banter passed from one to another with the most good-natured freedom. Everybody but me was in a little group of friends. I was the only person in the whole theatre that was alone, and I hated holidays infinitely worse than ever."

"By five o'clock the holiday became so intolerable that I said I'd go and get a dinner. The best dinner the town could provide. A sumptuous dinner. A sumptuous dinner for one. A dinner with many courses, with wines of the finest brands, with bright lights, with a cheerful fire, with every condition of comfort—and I'd see if I couldn't for once extract a little pleasure out of a holiday!"

"The handsome dining room at the club looked bright, but it was empty. Who dined at the club on Christmas but lonely bachelors? There was a flutter of surprise when I ordered dinner, and the few attendants were, no doubt, glad of something to break the monotony of the hour."

My dinner was well served. The spacious room looked lonely, but the white, snowy cloths, the rich window-hangings, the warm tints of the walls, the sparkle of the fire in the steel grate, gave the room an air of elegance and cheerfulness; and then the table at which I dined was close to the window, and through the partly drawn curtains were visible pictures of lonely, cold streets, with bright lights from many a window, it is true, but there was a storm and snow began whirling through the street. I let my imagination paint the streets as cold and dreary as it would, just to extract a little pleasure by the way of contrast to the brilliant room of which I was apparently sole master.

I dined well, and recalled in fancy old, youthful Christmases, and pledged mentally many an old friend, and my melancholy was melting into a low, sad undertone, when, just as I was raising a glass of wine to my lips, I was startled by a picture at the window. It was a pale, wild, haggard face, in a great cloud of black hair, pressed against the glass. As I looked, it vanished. I finished the wine and set down the glass. It was, of course, only a beggar girl who had crept up to the window and stole a glance at the bright scene within; but still the pale face troubled me a little, and threw a fresh shadow on my heart. I filled my glass once more with wine, and was again about to drink, when the face reappeared at the window. It was so white, so thin, with eyes so large, wild, and hungry-looking, and the black, unkempt hair, into which

the snow had drifted, formed so strange and weird a frame to the picture, that I was fairly startled. Replacing, untasted, the liquor on the table, I rose and went close to the pane. The face had vanished and I could see no object within many feet of the window. The storm had increased, and the snow was driving in wild gusts through the streets, which were empty, save here and there a hurrying wayfarer.

At last, in so very amiable mood, I got up, put on my wrappers, and went out; and the first thing I did was to run against a small figure crouching in the doorway. A face looked up quickly at the rough encounter, and I saw the pale features of the window-pane. Well, it is very absurd, but I did believe the girl's story—the old story, you know, of privation, and suffering and all that—and just thought I'd go home with the best and see if what she said was all true. And then I remembered that all the shops were closed, and not a purchase could be made. I went back, and purchased the steward to put up for me a hamper of provisions, which the half-wild little youngster helped me carry through the snow, dancing with delight all the way. A widow with children in great need, that was what I found; and they had a feast that night, and a little money to buy them a loaf and a garment or two the next day; and they were all so bright, and so merry, and so thankful, and so good, that, when I got home that night, I was mightily amazed, that instead of going to bed sour at holidays, I was in a state of great contentment in regard to holidays. In fact, I was really merry. I whistled. I sang. I do believe I cut a caper. The poor wretches I had left had been so merry over their unlooked-for Christmas banquet that their spirits infected mine."—S. P. Argonaut.

## The Lime Kiln Club.

There was an unusually large turnout at the regular Saturday night meeting, and the half-dozen Chinese lanterns which Givedam Jones had purchased at his own expense and hung up around the hall produced what Samuel Shin termed "a spectacular effect of the wildest disorder."

It was announced that the following new rules and regulations would govern until further orders:

The hour for opening the regular meetings will be 8 o'clock.

No clay pipes over one year old can be smoked in the library without special permission.

The eating of peanuts, popcorn, candy, etc., during sessions is calculated to divert attention from the solemnity of the occasion, and is therefore discouraged.

Members who bring their dogs with them must be prepared for the worst.

Any member found with his hat on after the triangle has sounded will be fined not less than \$400.

All religious and political discussion is strictly forbidden. Members are also asked to abstain from telling fish stories or relating adventures with snakes and Indians.

"Gentlemen," said the president, as he softly rose up and calmly looked down on the shining plates of Sir Isaac Walpole and Elder Toots, "dar an some few things it would be well far you to disrecollect."

"De man who sots on de fence when de sun shines will be diggin' for grub when it rains."

"Industry may make de back ache, but she fills de stomach an' kivers de feet."

"De man who wants satisfaction by law will satisfy de lawyers sooner dan his self."

"Knockin' a man down becase he differs wid you don't prove de truf of your own position."

"De less a man knows de mo' anxious he seems to be to make de public believe he am a statesman."

"Let us now attack the reg'lar program—may and destroy de business which has called us together."

The secretary called attention to the following paragraph in the New York Sun:

"Danforth Smith, a colored resident of Hoboken, was yesterday fined \$30 and sent to jail for three months, for brutal treatment of his mule. He is said to be a member of Brother Gardner's Lime Kiln Club."

"Does his cognomen appear on our rolls?" asked the president.

"Yes, sha. He fined his club one year ago, and was particularly recommended for his childlike disposition."

"You will at once notify him dat he am suspended for six months—not for wollopin' de mule, exactly, but mo' becase he was caught in the act and sent to jail. I owns a mule myself, and while I strive to be placid and forgivin' and charitable, dar am occasions when I has de old woman look me up down collar an' stand at de doah wid a shot-gun. If she didn't I

should jump in on dat mule an' pound him till life was distinct. While I sympathize wid Brudder Smith, he mus' stan' suspended in deference to public opinion."

Givedam Jones offered a resolution to the effect that the club adopt Professor Wiggins's weather predictions up to Jan. 1.

Shindig Watkins objected. He didn't believe in binding the club to patronize any particular prophet's weather. Elder Toots favored the idea. Wiggins had predicted a mild winter and if there was any mild winter lying around loose he wanted one.

The Rev. Penstock opposed the resolution. Wiggins had predicted a rainy summer, and he had purchased a new pork barrel to put under the eaves on the strength of it. The bottom of the barrel had scarcely been wet this season.

"Gentlemen," said the president, with a desire to cut short further debate, "I reckon dis club had better take de weather as we find it. De prudent man will pile up de wood, stock in de meat and taters an' depend upon Providence for an airy spring. De resolution am declared outer order."—Exchange.

## Huxley on Smoking.

At a certain debate on smoking among the members of the British Association Professor Huxley told the story of his struggles in a way which utterly put the anti-tobaccoists to confusion. "For forty years of my life," he said, "tobacco had been a deadly poison to me. [Loud cheers from the anti-tobaccoists.] In my youth, as a medical student, I tried to smoke. In vain! At every fresh attempt my insidious foe stretched me prostrate on the floor. [Repeated cheers.] I entered the navy. Again I tried to smoke, and again met with defeat. I hated tobacco. I could have almost lent my support to any institution that had for its object the putting of tobacco smokers to death. [Vociferous cheering.] A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. We went to an inn. They began to smoke and looked very happy, and outside it was very wet and dismal. I thought I would try a cigar. [Murmuring.] I did so. [Great expectations.] I smoked that cigar. It was delicious. [Groans.] From that moment I was a changed man, and I now feel that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practice and is productive of good. [Dismay and confusion of the anti-tobaccoists. Roars of laughter from the smokers.] There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea, and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part I consider that tobacco, in moderation, is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper." [Total rout of the anti-tobaccoists and complete triumph of the smokers.]—S. P. Call.

In an article on windmills the *Scientific American* says: "An 8 1/2 foot wheel will raise 3,000 gallons of water daily a distance of 25 feet. Its first cost, including the pump and a plain tower, is about \$150. A 19-foot wheel will raise about 9,000 gallons of water a day a like distance and cost about \$180, including the appurtenances above mentioned. A 12 foot wheel will raise 16,000 gallons of water a day, the above distance and cost, with the same appurtenances, \$210. So up, from 14 to 16, 18 to 20 feet diameter of wheel, until we reach a 25-foot wheel, which costs about \$120 and will raise 100,000 gallons of water daily the specified distance."

## GENUINE Merscham Pipes! Cigar Holders

I have JUST RECEIVED an Invoice of GENUINE MERSCHAM

Pipes and Cigar Holders

OF THE BEST QUALITY AND FINISH, selected especially for me by J. T. WATERHOUSE, JR., in ENGLAND, and so

Warranted to be of Finest Quality.

I am enabled to offer these Choice Pipes and Holders AT VERY LOW PRICES, a liberal discount being given to the trade. Take together with a Choice Selection of CIGARETTES.

Cigarettes and Tobacco!

Makes the SMOKER'S EMPORIUM the BEST place for procuring this class of Goods.

MERCHANT'S, 78 Fort Street, HONOLULU.

Just arrived, Old Judge and Durham Tobacco for Pipes and Cigarettes. Also, FINE

EXPERT CHEWING TOBACCO, &c.

## General Advertisements.

### VALUABLE TRUTHS.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness take cheer, for

**Hop Bitters will cure you.**

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

**Hop Bitters will Revive you.**

"If you are a Minister, and have over-taxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Minister, worn out with care and work,

**Hop Bitters will Restore you.**

"If you are a man of business, or labourer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, tiring over your midnight work,

**Hop Bitters will Strengthen you.**

"If you are suffering from over-eating or indigestion, any indigestion or dyspepsia, are you young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

**Hop Bitters will Relieve you.**

"If you are, in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and find that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating,

**Hop Bitters is what you need.**

"If you are old and your blood thin and impure, pulse lumb, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

**Hop Bitters will give you new Life and Vigour.**

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy, and refreshing flavoring for sick-room drinks, and impure water, rendering them harmless, sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach."

### Cleanse, Purify and Enrich the Blood with Ho. Bitters.

Let you will have no sickness or suffering, or doctors' bills to pay.

HOP BITTERS is an elegant, Pleasant and Refreshing Flavoring for sick-room drinks, and impure water, rendering them harmless, sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach.

For Sale by HOLLISTER & CO., Honolulu.

## Mr. L. B. KERR

HAS

Just Received, Ex Mariposa.

From Great Britain

A VERY FINE

SELECTION of GOODS

SUITABLE FOR

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR!

EMBRACING THE

Latest Styles

Gentlemen Please Call and Ex-

amine these Fine Goods.

Time Fit and Prices to Suit all.

1885

KEN LUNG CHONG & Co

61 Nuuanu Street,

Big to notify their customers and the public generally,

that they have moved to the above commodious premises, (formerly occupied by Geo. Birch), where they have now for sale, some of the

Finest Goods to be Found in Honolulu

Embracing all grades of

Silks, Satins, Dress Goods, Etc

—ALSO—A FULL LINE OF—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres,

TWEEDS, ETC., Suitable for Gentlemen's Wear.

TAILORING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Carried on, under the supervision of a

FIRST-CLASS CUTTER AND FITTER

A Good Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. 1885

2 Suburban Cottages

TO LET!

FIRST, THAT ELEGANT COT-

tage Biltmore occupied by the owner, Geo. Birch, with Rose flower and fruit garden, stable, etc. \$20 a month.

SECOND—The two-story Cottage, two double parlors, of the above, lately occupied by the late A. T. Baker, having garden, stable, etc. Rent, about \$20.

Both premises are connected with the city water system. Apply to HYMAN BUSH, Queen Street, 1885

## Mr. JOSEPH SMITH

WILL RUN FOR REPRESENTATIVE FOR HIS DISTRICT.

NORTH KOHALA, HAWAII

(1885-86)